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Though wintry winds have swept its bed,
 And earth has pillowed cold its head ;
 Though prouder forms have sunk to rest,
 Nor rise again from earth's dark breast ;
 Still does this little flower arise
 Joyous beneath spring's genial skies ;
 Nor frost can bind, nor poisoned air
 Taint with decay its circles fair ;
 Like hopes which still the bosom cheer
 When many a hope has left it drear ;
 Like thoughts of home in climes afar ;
 Like evening's still returning star ;
 Like tears which fall when the heart is sad,
 Almost as sweet as that heart were glad ;
 Like friendship found where we sought it not ;
 In bower and garden, in field and grot,
 Spring thy fair flowers, Forget-me-not.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

I have swept o'er the mountain, the forest, and fell ;
 I have played on the rock where the wild Chamois dwell ;
 I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
 Through the pathless depths of its solitude ;
 Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea,
 My spirit has wandered at midnight free.
 I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
 I have moaned on the ear through the rosy shell,
 I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
 I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam ;
 I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
 Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried ;
 I have stolen away on my silken wing,
 The violet's scent in the early spring.
 I have hung o'er groves where the citron grows,
 And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
 I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
 To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
 I have sped the dove on its errand home,
 O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
 I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest,
 With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
 I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
 Till they hung on my wing in their shapes of fear ;
 I have rent the oak from its forest bed,
 And the flaming brand of the fire king sped ;
 I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
 On the tempest's wing from the stormy north ;
 I have lash'd the waves till they rose in pride,
 And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied ;
 I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
 And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
 I have shrieked the wail of the murdered dead,
 Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
 I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
 And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
 There is not a spot upon land or sea,
 Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

My cherub boy ! thy young heart is light,
 Thy glance of beauty, how wild and bright,
 Tells of a spirit unchilled by care :
 Long ! long may such innocent mirth beam there !
 Thy coral lip of frolic and glee,
 May well to such eye meet companion be ;

Thy rosy cheek and thy forehead high,
 Bear promise most dear to a mother's eye.
 The first tells of years of health for thee;
 The second of mind's high destiny.
 The silken locks that so lightly press
 Around each fair temple's calm recess,
 And shining fall on thy neck of snow,
 Oh! far more dear are than Ophir's glow.
 Thy limbs, in infantine beauty cast,
 Tell of a vigour and grace to last;
 And thy guileless spirit, so frank and free,
 Oh! dearer still is, than all to me!
 Vain were the wish! vain were the prayer!
 That sorrow might ne'er mingle bitterness there!
 My darling boy! I ask not, oh no!
 That thou escape what each mortal must know.
 I ask not that treasures of wealth be thine,
 And fame ope the shafts of that golden mine:
 Far higher my hopes aspire for thee,
 Through the clouds of time to eternity:
 There may I find thee a spirit of light,
 When earth has returned to a chaos of night.

AN EVENING IN COLLEGE.

"Curse this *Hilary* Examination; it is always unfortunate to me," exclaimed O'Reilly, an unlucky junior sophister, who had been cautioned that day by the inexorable Doctor——, and who now, with the aid of a few friends, a spatch-cock, and some three-year-old October, was endeavouring to banish care, in the drawing-room floor of No. —, Botany-bay-square.

"Oderunt *hilarem* tristes," said one of his companions; "but, seriously, my dear fellow, don't let it lie too heavy upon your spirits; better men than you have had their exertions rewarded before this, by Lord Antrim's premium."

"True, Roper," said a young freshman of the name of King, who acted as vice-president, filling his glass from a bottle of Sneyd; "your arguments are unanswerable. *Portum occupa.*"

"And when you read mechanics in the same ratio in which you drink *rex-eris*—but you are not drinking," continued Roper, addressing the gentleman who sat next him.

"I'm not well to-night; I cannot enjoy the wine."

"I do not doubt it; *valeat possessor oportet si comportatis*—you recollect what follows."

A vehement knocking on the table, which made the glasses bound again, rewarded this sally. O'Reilly's temper was, however, too much depressed to be roused by the noisy mirth of his company; and though he swallowed bumper after bumper, it was in silence and with the parching thirst of fever, rather than with the desire of a cheerful stimulus. He was evidently tortured by a feeling of anguish, arising from a sense of disgrace; but his misery was unheeded by his guests, who were too much engrossed in proposing toasts and quaffing healths, to remark him. Meanwhile, the straggling fire of conversation was maintained along the table.

"What do you think of White's last sermon?" asked Mr. Parkinson, an embryo divine.

"Is it *sermonum candidè* judex, you mean?"